

HANNIBAL
AND
SCIPIO.
AN HISTORICALL
TRAGEDY.

Acted in the yeare 1635. by the Queenes
Majesties Servants, at their Private house
in Drury Lane.

The Author *Thomas Nabbes.*

Arma virosque cano.



LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Oulton* for *Charles Greene*,
and are to be sold at the white Lion in
Pauls Church-yard. 1637.

HANNUAL

AND

SCIPIO

AN HISTORICAL

RECORD

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
FROM 1624 TO 1898

BY J. H. M. VAN DYKE



LONDON

Printed by J. H. M. VAN DYKE

To the Ghosts of HANNIBAL
and SCIPIO.

W Here e're your thin remains, and shaddows
dwell;
In the Elyfian blisse, or paines of Hell;
I, that with writing of your story new
Am almost worne into a ghost like you,
Present you with your selves: such as you were
When you breath'd ayre, and had your beings here.
Let not hells Iudges damne it to the fire;
It past mens sentence: there's besides some hire.
Yet undischarg'd; and where the debt was due
Being deny'd, I have sent the bill to you,
Say not for money, how shall we come by it?
Borrow of *Pluto*: he will not deny it
Vpon your bond. Stay: here's a great mistaking;
His state and riches were of Poets making:
And they I feare so apt are to belye him,
I cannot think he hath one penny by him.
How e're your patronage shall doe me right,
Bove the prefix name of a Lord or Knight:
Or other outside unen: such as inherit
Of honour but the title, not the merit.
Who think that if the least state action rest
On their dispatch; or to a Christmas feast
They yearly call the neighbour-hood; or be
Put in commission, or the Shrivaltie
(The Countreys highest grace) they may dispence
With what belongs more to their difference,

To the Ghosts of *Hannibal* and *Scipio*.

Bounty unto desert. But you are free;
And if you might would rather come to me,
Then put me to a charge : the journey's great,
And ere I could return, I might want meat :
Vnlesse some kind poore cobbler, (you know well
Mending of soales is no rich trade in Hell.)
Lend me a shilling. Loth I am 'tis true
At any rate of hopes to come to you.

The honourer of your memories,

THOMAS NABBS.



The Ghosts of *Hanniball* and *Scipio* to the Authour.

WHat charm commands us hither to repayre ?
And once again salute the upper ayre ?
Would *LUCIAN* vex our shadowes ? make us
tell

Which of us holds priority in Hell ?
What art, that do'st with thy Poetick fire
A soule into each Histrio inspire
Like ours ? and make them move with active rage
As we did, when the World became our Stage ?
We know thee now : thy thinne cheekke, hollow eye,
And ghostlike colour speak the mystery
Thou wouldst, but canst not live by : for the more
Thou do'st enrich thy works, they make thee poore.
Who will by fancy and invention thrive,
Must practise how to flatter men alive.
We would have left thee provinces, hadst thou
Done this whilst we had being here : but now
Pluto restraines our bounties, else wee'd be
Not ayrie patrons to thy work and thee,
But give thee crowns of Metall, whilst thy brows
Others did deck with cheap *Phœbean* boughs.
The finger of the Punick wart had bayes
Making our acts his subject; and thy prayse
Should be no lesse. But we are empty things,
Though once we aw'd states, and commanded Kings.

Hannibal.

Scipio.

THE PROLOGUE.

A Nother Tragedy? What will become
Of the soft *Muse*? Shee'l shortly have no room
On this transform'd stage. Ladies shall not blush,
Nor smile under their fannes: nor he in plush,
That from the Poets labours in the pit
Informs himselfe for th' exercise of wit
At Tavernes, gather notes. Stay, I should be
A Prologue, not a Satyre. You shall see
A piece from a rich subject drawne; but how
The workmanship will please, and you allow
Th' imperfect colours and the weake designe,
Let your owne judgements tell you, and not mine.
The Author warrants us the story's cleare;
Vulse to fit the Stage he doth transferre
Some actions that were ones to other men:
The places sometimes chang'd too for the Scene.
Which is translated as the musick plays
Betwixt the acts: wherein he likewise prays
You will conceive his battailes done, and then
The methode shall appeare, in which his pen
Hath smoothly dress'd the argument. 'Tis free
As ever Play was from scurrility.
Nor need you Ladies feare the horrid sight:
And the more horrid noise of target sight
By the blue-coated Stage-keepers: our speeres
Have better musick to delight your eares,
And not a straine that's old, though some would aske
His borrowing from a former play. We aske
Your patience but two houres, by which time wee
Shall either dye or live to Poesie.

The

The speaking persons.

<i>Maharball.</i>	By <i>William Shurlock.</i>
<i>Himulco.</i>	By <i>John Sumner.</i>
<i>Souldier.</i>	By <i>George Stutsfield.</i>
<i>A Lady.</i>	
<i>Hannibal.</i>	By <i>William Allen.</i>
<i>2. other Ladies.</i>	
<i>Nuntius.</i>	By <i>Hugh Clerke.</i>
<i>Bomilcar.</i>	By <i>Robert Axen.</i>
<i>Syphax</i>	By <i>Hugh Clerke.</i>
<i>Piston.</i>	By <i>Anthony Turner.</i>
<i>Crates.</i>	
<i>Messenger.</i>	
<i>Scipio.</i>	By <i>Michael Bowyer.</i>
<i>Lelium</i>	By <i>John Page.</i>
<i>Sophonisba.</i>	By <i>Ezekiel Fenn.</i>
<i>Massanissa.</i>	By <i>Theophilus Bird.</i>
<i>Hanno.</i>	By <i>Richard Perkins.</i>
<i>Gisgon.</i>	By <i>Robert Axen.</i>
<i>Bostar.</i>	By <i>George Stutsfield.</i>
<i>Lucius.</i>	
<i>A young Lady.</i>	
<i>Prusias.</i>	By <i>William Shurlock.</i>

Mutes.

Ladies. Souldiers.
Attendants. Senators.

I desire thee Reader to take notice that some escapes have past the Presse; As Tuning for Tunny; dimacing for dimning; meane for meere; stand for share, &c. which notwithstanding are corrected in divers of the copies: where they are not, let thine owne judgement rectifie them, before thy rashnesse condemne me. Farewell.

The speaking persons

By William Smith	Admiral
By John Smith	Minister
By George Smith	Senator
By William Smith	of Law
By William Smith	Minister
By William Smith	of Law
By William Smith	Minister
By William Smith	of Law
By William Smith	Minister
By William Smith	of Law

By William Smith



HANNIBALL AND SCIPIO.

The Argument of the first Act.

Hanniball reprooving his Souldiers for their lasciviousnesse at Capua, is himselfe taken with the love of a Lady of Salapia. Newes is brought him of Scipio, that hee hath recovered Spaine : and a command from the Senate that he returne to Carthage : which with much unwillingnesse hee assents to.

The Scene Capua.

Scene the first.

Maharball and Himulco.

Mab. **H**ere's the right use of victory, to tame
Our furies with soft ease and wantonnesse,
After so many travels. Had our *Hanniball*
Possess't himselfe of *Rome* without a Capua,
The conquest had beene poore.

Himul. These spoyies of beauty,

B

And

Hanniball and Scipio.

And free ones too, that uncompe'd will runne
To imbrace a Souldier; rock him in her armes;
Sing him asleepe, and with her icy fingers
Kemming the knotted curles of his black haire
So long neglected, make her selfe the ravisher:
Oh! 'tis *Elysium*.

Mabar. Nay, to have such change
Of pleasure court us; as if their inventions
Were onely busie to make our delights
The object of their care. Here we are feasted
With Chalcedonian Tuning; Rhodian guilt heads,
And more than Samian gluttony. We drinke
No wine, but of *Campania's Mascieu*,
Or grape crownd *Aulon*. Boyes more faire than hee
That beares *Ioves* Cup, rapt on the duskie wings
Of's sky-borne Eagle, serve the banquet up
In golden dishes, or Corinthian plate,
Luxuries chiefeft.

Him. To crowne the entertainment,
Here sits a Lady, *Hebe* never blusht
A colour like her checke: and in her eye
A thousand *Cupids* move in wanton frisks,
To catch the gazers. There's another deckt
In the Seas riches, which the Negro dives for:
Her pearles reflexion dimacing the darke tapers,
As if all light were borrow'd from those Sunnes
Their orient roundnesse mockes us with. A third
Betrayes through a transparent lawne the beauty
Of a complexion, white and red did never
Mixe a more perfect; and a shape exact
As Natures first *Pandora's*. The possession
After desire hath made a preparation
In every sense to entertaine these joyes,
Can earth afford a Heaven, and this not bee
The best hope ever faign'd?

Mabar. Then to be cloth'd
In silkes of Tyrian dye; tolespe on downe;

And

Hanniball and Scipio.

And waking claspe a Goddess in ones armes,
Lovely as Cytharea; reveill sometimes,
And dance to th' Mermaides musicke, 'till the night
Is made one artificiall day, inverting
The course of time and's actions: oh delights,
Beyond weake comprehension! Wee begin
To taste them without sense, did not diversity
Whet appetite anew?

Him. Yet so much change
Should make invention barren: but 'tis fruitfull,
Pregnant, and teemes as fast as 'tis delivered.
Delicious *Capua*!

Mab. Pleasures onely storehouse!
Were I an *Hanniball*? and conquest quiet me
As faire as day-light spreads his christall wings,
One *Capua* should ransom all.

Scenes the Second.

*To them a common Souldier, with a faire Lady
courting him.*

Him. What's here?
Shee courts him with as earnest zeale, as *Cynthia*
Would her *Endymion*, or the gray-ey'd *Morne*
Her earely *Cephalus*.

Mab. Now by my Sword.

Him. Is that a Souldiers oath in *Capua*?
By the bright tresses of my Mistrisse haire,
Fine as *Arachne's* webbe, or *Gosshimere*:
Whose curls when garnisht with their dressing, show
Like 'hat spunne vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew.
Or by the Sunshine of her christall eyes,
Wherein the God of Love his wet wings dry's
After his bathing in sad Lovers teares.
These are the onely oathes a Souldier sweares.
What should we doe with swords?

Mab. Indeed 'tis true
Their bloody use hath beene so long neglected,

Hanniball and Scipio.

And for my part I am so cloy'd with women,
Mine must bee fil'd to powder, and prepar'd
To bee their Physick : the greene-sicknesse else
Will not bee cur'd by me.

Him. Mine shall be drawne

To weare for pinnes : and that which oft hath raig'n'd
The blood of Romanes on my hiles and hand,
Wearied almost with slaughter, shall bee toucht
With trembling fingers, white as *Othris* snow ;
Whilst the soft handler starts, if by mischance
The point but prick her skin, and must consult
With some learn'd unguentary to prevent
Th' invisible scarre. Why here we cannot quarrell
Amongst our selves for wenchés. There's a Lady,
As meane a beauty heretofore hath beene
The ground of a sad warre, or in a Campe
Stir'd up a mutiny : wee cannot envie it,
That he, a common Souldier, valours ciphar,
One onely prest to make the number up,
Enioyes her wholly, and perhaps hath change.

Mah. Nay, stands upon nice termes for his reward ;
And must bee hir'd to pleasure, such as some
Would even through any danger to embrace.
Prethee observe.

Lady. Why should I be deny'd ?
Am I not faire enough ? My beauty fresh
As the new springs, when wan on *Phabus* mounts
His burnish'd chariot early to salute her,
And kisse dew from her cheekes.

Soul. There are as faire
And free. A pension Lady must be thought of ;
I cannot else be sportive.

Lad. Is that all ?
Hee fill thy burgnet with Iberian gold
Stamp't into medals ; Sell my wanton treasure,
Rings, Jewels, Carcanets, e're thou shalt want,
But what thy wish can covet.

Soul.

'Hanniball' and Scipio

Soul. This old buffe
Would be translated.

Lad. Into Persian mantles,
Richly embroydred; no rough pelt of thrumbes
To fight with weather. Shalt be cloath'd in silkes,
Such as may vye for touch with their softnesse
When it is calmest, and no violent gust
Doth wave it into wrinkles.

Soul. I must eate too.

Lad. Nothing but choycest caudies, and drink wine
That shall have pearles dissolv'd in't. Come let's halten
To our delights. I have prepar'd a bed
Of artificiall Roses mixt with downe;
Wherein our dalliance we will emulate,
The Cyprian Queene and her lov'd warriour,
When in her Ivory armes she did imbrace
His Iron sides.

Soul. Soft Lady, there are yet
Stricter conditions. 'Tis not come to that:
I must not be confin'd to times or place;
Nor to your single number. I must change
As I see cause.

Lad. Shalt be thine owne disposer.
He minister, and like a hand-maide waite
When thou wilt grace another; nor repine,
But with a patient longing.

Soul. On these termes
I feele a provocation. Come.

Exeunt.

Mab. Did eafe
Ever before produce such acts of shame?

Him. No matter. 'Tis a better life than warre
Affords her sonnes. A hard cold bed of earth:
Sleepes broken with a thousand apprehensions
Of danger; diet course, and seldome seasonable;
Hunger and thirst; and death each houre presented.
Let us translate our *Carthage* unto *Capua*;

Hanniball and Scipio.

We shall not need to toyle in blood and sweat
For more enlargement.

Scene the third.

To them Hanniball,

Musick,

Hast: Our Generall.

Mab. How doth he like this softnesse? it agrees not
With his rough nature.

Hann. Musick every place
Surfets with this lasciviousnesse.

A Song as from some window.

March on my merry mates

To Venus warres:

You need not feare your pates,

You shall receive no wounds nor scarres,

You may come naked to the fight:

Wee'l have no other veile but night.

Onely you must not see

The blushes of your enemy.

Chorus.

The loving battail's set,

And we begin

To counter meete

With active striving who shall win.

I faint and yet wee thinke you yeeld,

Both lose, and yet both winne the field.

Recover strength, and then

Wee'l to these pleasant warres agen.

A fight.

Bravely maintain'd, and well come off on both sides.

Curse on this ease. Y'are well met noble Captaines,

How doth your courage brooke this silken slavery?

Is't not an easie bondage to be ty'd

In bracelets of a wanton Ladyes haire?

And

Hanniball and Scipio.

And chayne your daring spirits to the awe
Of every glance her eye shoots? Tell me truly
How doe the pleasures of this *Capua*
Relish upon your senses? are they not
Even what desire can shape?

Mah. They are my Lord
Most absolute.

Han. And you are pleas'd with them?

Hum. They cannot bee refus'd, being offer'd us
So aptly after labour, as the fruits
And harvest of our paines. What stupid earth
Can be so void of apprehension,
As not to thinke them blessings?

Han. That can *Hanniball*;

Who through the swarthy vizard age and cares
Have tann'd his face with, blusheth at the change
Of Souldiers into women. Why in stead
Of Plume-crown'd crests weare you not tyres? and deck
Your neckes with gemmes, in stead of arming them
With Corsets? Lay by all command, save onely
To set your distaff-servants taskes, and study
Lascivious dressings, not warres discipline?
Better employ invention how to court
A Mistresse in the fashionable garbe,
Than to contrive a usefull stratagem
Where force prevailes not.

Mah. Whom have we to fight with?
Lead us againe to action, wee'l expresse
A courage doubled by this little rest:
And from the hopes of such another conquest
We will act wonders, to make victory
Dote on our valours.

Han. You like *Carthaginians*
Speake from the foutes of men. Muster your Souldiers:
We will againe to *Rome*, and with the terrour
Of our approach make earthquakes in the hearts
Of her gown'd Senators; burne the proud trophees,

Adorne

Hanniball' and Scipio.

Adorne her Capitoll, or make them scar-crowes :
Bury her high-ascending Towers in heapes
Of their owne ruines ; and till *Tyber's* dy'd
With blood of his owne children, not an arme
Shall cease from slaughter. Have we cut our way
Thorow Mountaines, and thaw'd rocks of Ice for passage
To reach the head of *Rome*, and shall we not
Triumph in her rich spoyles ? Yes ; we will triumph.
Or by the *Gemus* of my native *Carthage* ;
And the religious oath I made my Father,
When yet my youth had seene the progresse but
Of nine sunnes through the twelve celestiall mansions,
Ile leuell all the rugged Appennines ;
And mount the humblest valleys, till their heads
Be wrapt in clouds ; whence thunder shall not force me,
Till I survey the playnes of *Italy*,
Like earth manur'd charkt with the bones of Romanes,
After their flesh is buried in the gorges
Of Kices and Vultures.

Him. Speake like *Hanniball*.

Scene the fourth.

To them two Ladies.

Han. What Lady's that ?

Mab. Shee's of *Salapia*.

Han. She's lovely. What unusuall passions
Softne me on a sudden ? I me thinkes
Could play with ayre, and wanton with the breath
Of such a Mistrisse : court her amorously,
And not mistake a phrase, nor fright her tendernesse
With any repetitions of warres horrors,
Cease your rebellion thoughts. I must be man,
And keepe my freedome.

H.m. Dost observe his eye
How it is fixt ?

Han. What did creation meane

• A wo-

Hanniball and Scipio.

A woman for, but pleasure? Should not I
Pursue it then since 'tis the end of all
We either doe or wish? 'tis actions soule
That makes it live. I must enjoy it this way.
Desire's a law set downe by natures Counsell,
And not to be disputed.

Mab. So my Lord!

Example shall direct us: we may well,
If *Anniball* turne Courtier.

1 *Lady.* One at once.

Sweet gentlemen. Though I should covet change
At once I'de not admit plurality.

Han. To you (faire storehouse of your sexes excellence)
I would direct the language of my heart.

2. *Lady.* 'Tis sure a noble dialect, my Lord,
That must expresse it.

Han. Lady it can speake.
Nothing but passion. You have wounded it.
And from the selfe same eye that shot the dart
I must have balme to cure it.

2. *Lady.* Y' are my Lord
A conqueror; and may command the wills
Of all beneath you.

Han. But I am your captive.
And in that pleasant bondage would abide,
Though I might force my ransome.

2. *Lad.* Violence
Would it become those vertues fame proclaim's
To have possesst you: and I dare be confident
Nothing could tempt you to turne ravisher,
Though I should boast virginity.

Han. Suspect
Of such an ill, wrong's your owne innocence.
My love is zealous, and the passive flame
Fed with a pure desire. I would enjoy you
To mixe our soules, not merely to delight
The wanton senses.

Hanniball and Scipio.

2. *Lad.* How can you, a man
Whom custome hath habituate in th' extremes
Of cruelty, change nature? and perhaps
Your first, innate, and not a second, onely
Borne out of use. Me thinkes it is not possible
Your thoughts should be posselt of other objects,
Then what warres horreur paint's with bloody colours.
Love and a Lady are for such as ease
Hath softned into women: *Hanniball*
Hath nothing in him, but what's masculine:
So hardned too, that those weake fires can never
Alter his temper.

Han. Yes; your eyes have done it.
Although my skin be horney, and my flesh
Almost insensible through daily weight
Of heaue armes, the substance of my heart
Is flexible, and takes impressions
Of love from your perfections. It not derogates
From the best difference in mans composition
To love: for that best speakes him man, and argues
Hee hath a spirit capable of things
Worthy his being. Come then perfect me
With your addition: make my captivity
A conquest, and lle fixe.

2. *Lad.* That were enough
To brand you with a lasting infamy.
You have designes for action. Should you stop
The prosecution of a warre begun
With such successe, and onely for a woman,
T'would make you be the scorne of men; the subject
Of jesters libels. I could court your valour
As you are *Hanniball*: but as a lover
The thought of that cooles all affection.
Had I at *Cannus* beene, or *Thrasimenus*,
Guirt in an Amazonian male, my head
Wrapt in an Iron *tyara*, and my hand
Arm'd with a sword, I would have kept the side

Hanniball and Scipio.

Of *Hanniball*, to dote upon those wonders
His conquering arme then acted.

Han. As from water
Cast on *bysmen*, so from these sharpe checks
My flame encreaseth. You expresse a soule
Makes others valours but derivative
From yours; as if the spring of all flow'd thence;
And we but dranke our finall proportions
From your abundance. Our embraces would
People the wasted world with Warriours.

Scene the fifth.

To them Nuntius.

Mab. Whence speakes your hast? and what?

Nun. I come from *Spaine*,
And bring important newes; but sad.

Him. Shall wee
By change ride through the Zodiack of your pleasures,
And feast our selves in every house?

1. *Lad.* You still
Mistake the signe.

Mab. 'Tis not in *Virgo* sure.

1. *Lad.* Nor yet in *Taurus*, though I have a husband.
You two are *Gemini*: a payre of ---Captaines.

Him. Shee flouts us sure.

Nun. What should this courtship meane?

Maharball and *Himulco* that were character'd
For valiant Captaines, turn'd sinock-souldiers?
And *Hanniball*?

1. *Lad.* The ayre of *Capua*
Hath not so chang'd us, but we can preserve
Our modesties.

Mab. Oh miracle! that *Capua*
Hath honest women in't.

Nun. Will *Hanniball*
Attend my message?

Hannibal and Scipio.

Han. Hast thou brought her pearles
Ravish't from necks of richest Romane dames?
I'll pave the path we tread to *Hymens* joy
With spoyles of all the cities I have conquer'd.

Nunt. Not of new Carthage; Sagunt; Locris; Tarracon.
All these are re-orecome by *Scipio*;
In Spaine he onely triumph's.

2. *Lad.* Doth not *Hannibal*?
Minde the sad newes? Revenge if nothing else
Should wing him to new conquest.

Hanni. I perceive
Errours in my behaviour. Court a woman,
When I should threaten vengeance! But shee's faire.
Hang beauty: that and ease are th' onely engines
To ruine vertue. Ladies pray' withdraw:
Th' affaires of men are handling.

2. *Lad.* May they prove
Your honours more in valour then in love. *Exeunt.*

Han. I am prepar'd: and if there were an accident
That did exceed in horreur, praise or wonder,
Discourse it lively, that it may impresse
Some thing within to beget an act
Shall paralell it.

Nunt. That must be new Carthage
Her siege and taking. When the Romane generall
Approach't the walls, a cold feare shoke her Genius:
The earth groning with weight of such a multitude.
His Navy likewise at that instant made
A cloud upon the Sea. So round about
The city was beguirt. Our resolution
Mix't with despaire soone arm'd us; and th' assault
Being suddaine, we did doe before consider:
Yet what we did thus with the wals height proving
Successfull, we had respite to advice.
The Sea we thought sufficient to defend
That part it washeth, and directed all
Our force to th' Isthmus: where we sallied forth.

The

[Hanniball and Scipio.

The enemy retir's; but out of policy
To draw us farther on. And now the Sunne
Survey'd us from his heighth; when suddenly
A violent North-winde joyning with the ebbe
Swept all the channell dry. Of which the Romans
Being inform'd by certaine Fishermen
Seize th' opportunity, and freely passe
To th' unman'd walls; entring without resistance.
What more they, being fully conquerors, did,
Need's no relation: custome shew's it *Hannibal*.
Th' example made some other citties yeeld;
Some policy wonne; some force; some trechery
Deliv'r'd up: all are posselt by *Scipio*.

Han. Then *Rome* shall ransom them. Revenge is able
Out of a flinty cowardize to strike
The fire of valour, with that new supply
I doe expect from Carthage we'l to Rome,
And emulate this victory; nor let it
Be your affliction that blinde chance hath rob'd
Your former labours of their due reward;
Rome will repaire all.

Scene the sixth.

To him Bomilcar.

See Bomilcar's come.

Cozen what answer send's the Carthage Senate
To my demands? Thy lookes speake discontent;
As if the busines of thy errand choak't
Th' unwilling passage. Utter it; my brest
Is prooffe 'gainst all misfortune.

Bom. I must then

Deliver a relation of ingratitude
Beyond example. Those whom you have made
Masters of wealth and honour, and releas'd
Their falsified age from many a coward feare,
Not minding the rich benefits you have done them,

Hanniball and Scipio.

Deny your need reliefe. If you want ayde,
They say your conquest's but a lying rumour:
Nor will they credit doubtful testimonies
Of any presents. They not stick to call
The ground of this your warre in *Italy*
Your owne ambition, not their safety: malice
Of *Hannos* faction having fram'd pretences
To cloude the glory of your actions.
Which to confirme the more, see their command
That you should instantly withdraw your forces,
And to returne to *Carthage*.

Han. Not till now?

When in my talions I had almost seiz'd
Romes Eagle, and prepar'd my sharpened beake
To prey upon her heart?

Bom. Tis likewise fear'd
That *Massanissa* hath forsaken *Carthage*.
So that unlesse some policy can winne
Syphax unto us, we must never more
Expect Numidian ayde. His Counsaillours
Seeme to desire it; for they wish your presence:
And that you'l put th'instructions here contein'd
Into a sudden act.

Han. Must I then leave
Rome unsubverted? So a man that strives
To make himselfe eternall by erecting
Of some stupendious monument, is forc't
To his last quiet e're the worke be perfect.
Leaving it but a lame and halfe designe
Of his ambition.

Him. Hath not *Hanniball*
His forces here? Let's forward with that strength
Which yet is left us; nor regard the ryes
Their doting policies would chaine us with.
Valour consists in hearts more than in number.
Let's on to *Rome*.

Han. No: passion shall submit

Vnto

Hanniball and Scipio.

Vnto my best part. Conquest of my selfe
Shall speake me more in this, then if my power
Had level'd her seven hills. I leaue her onely
To grow more worthy of my victory.
I will obey, though each unwilling step
Wounds me beyond the cure of common patience.
Commands of power must not be withstood.
Great actions make men great; good actions good.

Exeunt.

The argument of the second Act.

Hanniball and Scipio meet accidentally at the Court
of Syphax: who favouring the Romanes, and being
a young man, is wrought upon by Hanniball, to doe
upon Sophonisba: who after much unwillingnesse
expresseth, and reflexion on some former love shee bare
Massaniissa (who had beene the Carthaginians friend,
but now become the Romanes) is given to Syphax for
his Wife.

The Scene, the Court of Syphax in Cyntha.

Scene the first.

Syphax, Piston, Crates, Attendants.

Pist. Twill prove I feare lame policy to hault
Betwixt these factions, aw'd by two such spirits,
As ne're were still'd from envie or revenge.

Syph. Brave Hanniball; brave Scipio; great Carthage;
But greater Rome: whose Eagle eyes have gaz'd
Against the Sunne of many a glorious triumph!
When the bright beames reflected from their riches
Have blinded day-light, as if heavens great eye,
Borrowed his onely from them.

Crat.

Hanniball and Scipio.

Crat. *Carthage* is

Our ancient friend, and friendship long continu'd
Should not be easily lost.

Syph. A usefull tenent

Where the condition's private; but in Kings
It doth not hold. Warres chance is variable:
And he that now is victor may be conquer'd
Before his peace be settled. From example
We must consult our safety, more than from
A morall precept. Hath not *Scipio*
Got *Spaine* from *Hanniball*, and joyn'd unto him
Maffilia's King? Are not their armies flasht
With the richt poyles of *Sagunt*? and who knowes
But they'll transport their forces, and begirt
Carthage it selfe. 'Tis better that we yeeld
Freely to amity, than be compel'd,
That *Scipio* must bee welcome.

Pist. But if fortune

Prosper my counterplot, he will be greeted
With an affront shall cloud his entertainment;
And dimme the painted glory of that pompe
Your complement intends. Our youthfull King
Must not direct our counsels; nor affaires
Of state be order'd by th'affection
Of one so weake in policy, indulgent
To his owne passions. *Carthage* is set downe
By our experience for *Numidia's* love,
And shall possesse it.

Syph. We may then consider,

The Carthaginian Generall is a man
Worne with imployment into more decay
Of strength and yeares, than can give any hopes
Of a continuance. *Romes* greene Champion
Is full of growing sappe to make him spread.
Whilst the other like an aged Oke that long
Hath fought with tempests, and withstood the rage
Of burning ayre, now yeelds to every gust.

A bough

Hanniball and Scipio.

A bough or arme, 'till one more violent
Shatters the dry'd limbes, or quite roots it up.
Tis better to provide for lasting state,
Then mecrely to prevent a present fate.
Then *Scipio* must be welcome.

Crat. But if *Syphax*
Would heare our reasons.

Syph. *Crates* you have beene
Our worthy counsellour, and by your wiidome
Stear'd government in a right course whilst yet
Our youth did want it: but we are now growne
Riper in judgement, and we can distinguish *To them*
The different grounds of any politick act. *Messenger.*
Nor doe we finde it safe in rules of state
If *Scipio* be not welcome. What's your hast?

Mes. The Romane Generall is arriv'd, and entring.

Syph. And no faygn'd thunder to informe us of it
From the lowd voyce of flocking multitudes,
Should throng to bid him welcome?

Mes. Hee's scarce knowne
To any but my selfe. His traine is private,
Without due state: onely some needfull servants
To wait upon his person.

Syph. Were they his army,
I would exhaust my treasury to feast them:
And every common souldier should drinke heathes
In his Corinthian Goblet, which should be
His largesse likewise. Let our ministers
Fill the shrill throats of warres loud instruments.
And Dodonean brasse be beaten deafe
Whilst it proclaimes his welcome. Let the Sea
Echo the sounds to *Sagunt*, and returne
Their shoots agen.

Flourish.

Hanniball and Scipio.

Scene the second.

To them Scipio, Lelius.

Welcome great *Scipio*.

Never did *Syphax* joyfull armes imbrace
A guest of so rich valew, in whose minde
Worlds of heroick vertues are congested
To make him up a worthy.

Scip. I'le not answere
Your kindnesse *Syphax* with a complement.
My tongue's not oyld with flattery. I have stolne
A little time from action, to informe
Numidia's King, how *Rome*, by my advice,
Hath chosen him a favourer of her cause
That suffers by false *Carthage*. The successe
Of my recovering *Spaine*, hath given new hopes
Vnto her fainting spirits, that were neere
Their last expiring by the massacres
The Carthaginian made. Sixe Consuls have
Already fall'n: my Father, and mine Vncle;
Scipronius; *Terentius* and *Flaminius*;
And last *Marcellus*, who receiv'd his death
Even in the sight of *Rome*. Yet there's a *Scipio*
Surviv's to conquer him, or dye in th'enterprife.

Syph. And that brave *Scipio* shall not want what ayde
My person, or my Kingdome can afford him.

Scip. *Rome* shal make great esteem of *Syphax* friendship
And when she shall be wrapt in silken wings
Of victory and peace, his statue crown'd
Shall grace the triumph.

Pist. I should rather joy
To see him chayn'd a captive, though my selfe
And family were sold to be his ransome,
In *Carthage* quarrell.

Scene

Hanniball and Scipio:

Scene the third.

To them Hanniball, Himulco, Maharball.

Han. This cold entertainment
Doth make me jealous.

Cras. See: how soone their eyes
Have found each other?

Scip. Sure 'tis *Hanniball*.
His name and nature's stamp upon his brow;
I in those wrinkles read it: valour mixt
With cruelty; to which ambition onely
As the first wheele in engines moves the rest.
That eye he lost passing the fennes of *Arms*;
And such a looke his counterfeite is drawne with,
If there be trechery.

Syph. What would *Hanniball*?

Scip. Is't *Hanniball*? We are betrai'd by *Syphax*.

Han. What art?

Scip. *Rome's* Generall, and thy enemy.

Han. Ha! *Scipio*! Then the character report
Give's of him's false. He scornes ignoble wayes
Of honour; to ore-come by trechery.

Scip. I thought the same of *Hanniball*.

Han. And findest it.

Tis onely thy conspiracy with *Syphax*;
Who makes his Court a priviledge for that
Fame will proclaime with blushes.

Syph. Why this uproare?

Han. *Syphax* th'art trecherous.

Scip. To *Rome* and *Scipio*.

Han. To *Hannibal* and *Carthage*.

Pist. Now observe
How he will calme the tempest.

Syph. What to answer
From sudden doubts you both possesse me with,
I cannot easily resolve. A jealousy

Hanniball and Scipio.

Is sometimes strengthned by th'excuse should kill it.
Yet if your confidence will give credit to
A Kings religious oath, by all that makes
The sacred difference in me I am free
From thought of ill to either. Your arrivals
Were unexpected; and if eithers danger
Be smother'd in intent, you brought it with you :
Which Ile prevent, if all *Numidia's* strength
Can doe it. Thinke not me perfidious,
For then Ile doubt you : since selfe evils are
Most commonly the parents of suspicion.
But for your owne mistrusts, y'are safer here
Than in your owne campos, guarded with a maze
Of your best souldiers.

Han. 'Tis a satisfaction.
I blesse th' occasion makes us meet : my longings
Were violent to see thee *Scipio*.

Scip. Mine more to see thee *Hanniball*; but rather
Arm'd in the field, prepar'd for an encounter,
Then here to parlee.

Han. Doubt not such a greeting
When next we meet.

Syph. I needs must interpose,
And moderate this contention. Pray my Lords
Let me be powerfull to dispose your tempers
For other mild impressions, that my Court
For entertaining two such enemies
At once, be made discourse for after-ages.
A banquet waits yee : musick usher it. *Musick.*
Thus peace bids Souldiers welcome.

Scip. *Syphax* no.
Thinke of *Romes* cause, and let your feast be season'd
With faith to that. If thou prove trecherous,
Expect a vengeance, justice never yet
Gave severe execution to a greater.
I must be gone; th'affaires of warre attend me
When I have settled *Romes* peace, wee'l comply

In

Hanniball and Scipio.

In the effects: action 'till then must live
By blood and labour. *Hanniball* farewell:
Next greeting will be rougher.

Han. Not to be calm'd
With words. Grow strong; be still a conquerour,
Till I shall conquer thee.

Scip. Thou art but flatter'd
By an ambition vainer than thy dreames.
Ten *Carthages* and *Hannibals* will not weigh
Equall with the atchievement.

Han. One *Hanniball*
And *Carthage* poys'd but in an equall scale
With twenty *Romes*, and twenty *Scipios*,
Shall weigh like lead 'gainst feathers.

Scip. Proud insilter
Vpon his owne slight merits! Remember *Syphax*
Thy vow hath made thee *Romes*.

Syph. Which Ile preserve
As sacredly inviolate, as if
Eternall seales had ratifi'd it. Vsher
The Romane Generall forth.

Flourish.
Exeunt.

Him. Have words such power
Vpon our Generall to deject him thus?

Han. My braine is labouring.

Him. Ile helpe to deliver it.

Han. As giddy fancies when they doe present
Delightfull shaddowes, seeme to please the sense
When it is quiet, and not capable
Of any object, 'till the dreamers joy
Suddenly wakes him, and the false impressions
Vanish to their first nothing, so have I
Flatter'd my hopes.

Him. I prophesie successe
Despight of *Scipio*. *Syphax* Counsaillours
(Whose secret correspondency with us
Taught the great meanes by which their Masters love
Must be regain'd) a long experience

Hanniball and Scipio.

Confirms our friends : then prosecute it throughly.

Scene the fourth.

To them Piston, Crates, and a little after Syphax.
They are return'd.

Pist. My Lord 'till now the accidents
Caus'd by the Romanes presence did prevent us
From giving satisfaction to your doubts,
Which were but justly grounded. Our young King
Is full of's youthfull passions, and so violent
Ith' prosecution of them counsell rather
Doth set a keener edge upon his appetite.
We therefore give him way. But if we cannot
Reduce his actions to a rule of judgement,
Wee'l openly oppose him, or conspire
As 'gainst a tyrane that makes will his law.
See hee's return'd : be confident.

Syph. How I whispering I
I doe suspect.

Han. If *Syphax* dare be private.

Syph. Dare *Hannibal* ! Hadst thou intents more blaek
Than ever night gave execution to,
Even in *Carthage* Senate house as well
As in mine owne Court, I dare stand th'encounter
Of single *Hannibal*. Withdraw.

Han. They must not.
The wrongs thou hast done *Carthage* must be witness'd:
That when fame speaks them lowdest, partiall men
Make not their incredulity an excuse
For what no satisfaction can restore,
Thy honour lost in infamy.

Syph. Thou tempt'st me
With these darke prefaces. Yet thy upbraydings
Doe seeme so frivolous, my patience rather
Laughs at their vainnesse. Cleare my understanding
Without more circumstance, for yet my innocence

Knowe

Hanniball and Scipio.

Knowes not t' accuse my selfe, unlesse for giving
Thy sawcy taunts a priviledge.

Han. What errour
But to defend it selfe will strive (though vainly)
To mock truth out of truth? Well *Syphax* knowes
The expectation of a state deluded
Cannot but trouble it. A King is more
Than a meane person, bounded with dimensions
Of the bare man. His actions are his peoples;
And what he doth or suffers they must stand.
Consider then when *Carthage* shall call up
Revenge, and with all force pursue the injury
To satisfaction; when her souldiers
(Whom custome hath made pittilesse) shall plough
The wombes of teeming Mothers with their fauchions,
To prevent the issue that might vindicate
A father slaine; make your Numidian Virgins
The ruines of their pleasure, and not leave
An altar to your gods, nor private Lar
That may defend a houshold from their violence:
When these (whose very repetition carry's
Horror enough to fright men into peace)
Shall happen——

Syph. When they shall I it rather seemes
A positive threat. Tell *Carthage* were her power
Of an extent that limits could not bound
With any circumscription, I'de not feare it.
To dye for *Rome* were above victory.
Furnish ten thousand choyce Numidian Horsemen
To wait on *Scipio*. Why are our commands
No more respected? Ile have execution
Forerunne my Edicts that concerne the good
Of *Rome* and *Scipio*. Stand yee like dull statues
Fixt to their first foundations; when your diligence
Should borrow speed from winds, as if yee rid
On the contracted ayre to hasten it?

Han. Full well their age wise with experience knows

To

Hanniball and Scipio.

To disobey a Kings unjust commands
Law and religion warrants. *Syphax* youth
Were fitter to court beauty, than to sit
At a states helme, and steere the various course
It's subject to, by his greene violent passions.
With which his bed e're this had beene enricht,
Had *Carthage* found him kind: Faire *Sophonisba*.

Crat. That name hath startled him.

Han. She from whose eyes
The amorous sunne, resigning first his owne;
Might be ambitious to derive new fires.
Yet she to be reserv'd for his embraces,
Who slights that honour all the neighbouring Kings
Have beene competitors for, and would lay downe
Their Crownes to purchase; sell their very beings
To be translated into a possession
Of *Sophonisba*.

Pist. It begins to worke.

Syph. Whence did th'intent of this great honour to me
Derive it selfe?

Han. From a desire of friendship
And league with *Syphax*: which his passionate love
To *Rome* and *Scipio* (that admits no reason)
Denying, I must publish the dishonour
Done to a Lady, at whose least command
A Nation shall be arm'd, led by such Captaines
As in their emulation will declare
What mortals owe to her divine perfections;
That warrant her revenge as just a quarrell,
As ever stir'd up valour in a conscience
Scruples had cowarded. Here my commission
Takes end, and I must goe.

Syph. Stay *Hanniball*.
Strange passions warre against my resolution;
And love begins to circle me in flames
E're my eye takes the fire. What's *Rome* or *Scipio*
To *Sophonisba*? in whose richer beauty

More's

Hanniball and Scipio.

Mor's comprehended, then the *Macedonian*
Could from his many conquests, and subversion
Of Monarchies boast himselfe owner of,
What's a King's promise but a politick
(And that's allow'd) evasion to gaine time
For counsaill with his will? Ile be for *Carthage*
To enjoy *Sophonisba*. I'am enflam'd
From the report, and if my senses find
Truth answering fame, great *Hannibal* shall lead
Numidias power 'gainst *Rome*, or any place
He hath design'd for conquest.

Han. But if *Syphax*
Should againe suffer *Scipio's* menaces
To fright his weaknesse out of this resolve?

Syph. My weaknesse tempt me not with a suspect.
Let me have *Sophonisba*, or I'll make
A rape upon your *Carthage*, not on her,
For what delight's in violence? Enquire
The cause of that lowd shout.

*Shout within,
Messenger.*

Messen. I come t'informe you.
A stately ship from her rich laden wombe,
Hath on our shore deliver'd such a traine
Of glorious Virgins that attend on one,
Who lead's the rest——

Han. No more; 'tis *Sophonisba*.

Syph. Receive her with religious ceremony.
Perfume the ayre with incence richer then
The Phoenix funerall pile. Let harmony
Breath out her soule at every artists touch.
Cover the pavement which her steps must hallow
With Persian Tapestry. How I am ravish't
With th'expectation? and like some light matter
Catch't in a whirle-wind, all my faculties
Are hurried forward.

Musicks.

Hanniball and Scipio.

Scene the fifth.

*To them Sophonisba, Ladies all in white, and veil'd :
who to the musicks of the song, place themselves in a figure
for a daunces.*

Veil'd ! 'tis sure some mockery.

The Song.

*Beautie no more the subject be
Of wanton art to flatter thee :
Or in dull figures call thee spring ;
Lillie or Rose, or other thing :
All which beneath thee are, and grow
Into contempt when thou dost shew
The unmatch'd glory of thy brow.*

Chorus.

*Behold a sphere of Virgins move,
None mongst them less then Queena of Love,
And yet their Queens so farre exceeds
Beauty and she are onely parallels.*

Adaunce too ! I'll expect th'event.

*In the daunce they discover themselves in order,
Sophonisba last.*

A faire one :

But 'tis not *Sophonisba*. Fairer yet.
Vnhappy *Syphax* from whose eyes such wonders
Have beene to long conceal'd. Which is the goddesse ?
Which *Sophonisba* ?

Sopho. Can thy sense distinguish ?
See *Syphax*, thus I deigne to shew thee that
Kings have beene proud to worship.

Syph.

Hannibal and Scipio.

Syph. E're I embrace
Let me admire. In each eye sit's a Cupid;
Who as he skip's about to shoot his darts.
Is himselfe fetter'd in the golden curls
That deck her brow. Elysium's but a fable,
And that eternity the Poets dream of
Serv's but to figure this.

Sopho. Although my difference
Might challenge more, I'm not ambitious
Of shallow praise. My spirit must flie high
To catch at fame, nor flattery.

Syph. Came you not
To love me then?

Sopho. I did; but not to think
All your expressions (though they were extended
Beyond my wish) can merit it.

Syph. I am
A King; and you me thinks should court the fortune
With a glad readinesse, to share my honours,
And to be made my equall.

Sopho. Were you more,
I am above addition in my selfe:
And should be lessen'd if I did confine
A thought to any person, and the act
Included nothing but bare satisfaction
Of a desire. I will not let a smile
Fall loosely from me, but shall be attended
By actions worth their history; which read
Shall with the apprehension of my greatnesse
Amaze posterity.

Syph. Can *Sophonisba*
Be covetous of more then the earths honours?
When she shall sit incompar'd in a ring
Of noble Matrons that shall deifie
Her beauty with their praises? When she shall
Be crown'd with sparkling wreathes to blind the gazers,
As if a Constellation had bene rob'd

Hanniball and Scipio.

To make her shine. When in a Kings armes sleeping
All pleasures shall be minister'd, that Nature
And art in their contention strive to owne,
And take their glory from.

Sopho. I hei'r pretty baits
To catch an easie wanton, whose dull earth
A little varnish't o're doth know it selfe
No farther then the superficiall tincture
Discovered in her glasse. I have a soule
Greater then *Syphax* Kingdome : and to bound it
Would take from what I am. 'Twill be your honour
'Bove all that your ambition can direct you
To hope for (next eternity) if I
Vouchsafe to add unto your petty royalty
My greater selfe; and the addition be
Greater then you can purchase by your conquests.
'Tis but her due when *Sophonisba* crav's
Worlds for her Kingdomes, their Kings for her slaves.
Should *Syphax* make a resignation
Of all he own's for me; 'twere but as if
He par'd a mol-hill from the earth, to place
An *Atlas* in its stead.

Han. Come *Sophonisba*
You must consent : ther's fame in't that will give you
An everlasting being in the memory
Of benefits your Country will derive from't.
Children shall first be taught to speake your name;
And from their aged grandsires learne your story.
Whose o'ten repetition shall take from
The tediousnesse of age, and make them seeme
As if they danc't for joy, when palsies shake them.

Syph. Am I enflam'd, and shall I not enjoy?
Mock me not Lady into a despaire.
You shew me heaven, and shut the gates against me.
Make not a King, that daign's to be your servant,
A slave unto your crucky.

Han. To give

Syphax

Hanniball and Scipio.

Syphax a satisfaction, your competitor
Take *Massanissa*, he that saar's your Kingdome,
And would ingrosse it all, hath long solicited
For *Sophonisba* love.

Sopho. Oh *Massanissa*.

Han. He having now forsaken *Carthage*, then
Out of her piety to doe her Country
A good, prefer't you: and that her revenge
May be pursu'd with greater violence,
Allow's her else your right; though she's a treasure
Might be dispos'd of to a more advantage
Of *Carthage* strength.

Syph. Will *Sophonisba* love then
If I fight *Carthage*'s quarrell?

Sopho. Yes; your fortune
Whilst 'tis at height: but the least declination
Waving it to an ebb, I from that fall
Must mount to higher honours, if a gale
Meete it to raise me.

Syph. *Massanissa* person
It seem's could limit your desires.

Sopho. He was
A man made up of fire; no grosse earth clog'd
His spirit when 'twould mount to honours top,
And load fame with his acts. Had he not falln
From *Carthage*, *Sophonisba* had but beene
The price of his desert. And yet I love him
Deere *Massanissa*!

Syph. Shee hath overcome me.
I will be great; every dayes action
Shall raise me a step higher, and I'll take
You with me Lady: no; you shall lead me.
The tribute I will pay for every kisse
Shall be a victory o're your enemies.
Proud *Rome* shall find *Syphax* can be a Souldier,
When *Sophonisba* bid's him put on Steele.

Han. The not to be resisted power of beauty.

Hanniball and Scipio.

Carthage I will salute thee now with joy.
Nor shall the thought of thy ingratitude
Make me lesse willing to pursue thy good
Through a deepe sea of vanquisht Roman blood.
Sypb. Wee'l feast, then fight. Who led by such bright
Would not march on to any enterprize?

Exeunt.

The argument of the third Act.

Syphax warring against the Romans, at length is taken prisoner by Massaniſſa; who finding Sophonisba in the City of Cirtha, marry's her, with a vow not to deliver her up to the Romanes. For which marriage being reprov'd by Scipio, he giv's her poyson, which shee tak's to prevent the Romanes triumph over her.

The Scene Vtica.

Scene the first.

Scipio, Souldiers: a little after Lelius.

Scip. Syphax so soone revolted I what weake man
Would mock away his safetic? Children thus
Playing with fire to please their foolish sense
Are often burn't and make their sport the instrument
Of their owne danger. Massaniſſa yet
Is constant, and by this time hath subdu'd him.
Successse must follow those attemp's that rise
From a just cause, and crowne the enterprise.
Lelius what newes?

Lelius. I labour with th'event;
Ioy hinder's a delivery. Massaniſſa
Guirt in a conquest, greater never made
A triumph glorious, is returning back

To

Hanniball and Scipio

To present *Scipio* with Numidias spoiles,
And *Syphax* captiv'd.
Scip. Tis a joyfull errand.
Just *Nemesis*, thy Griffins have beene swift,
And borne thee well to see the execution
Of a revenge upon perfidious *Syphax*.
Hadst thou fail'd in't, we justly might disclaime
Thy deity, and without feare of punishment
Prophane thy altars: on whose marbles now
Wee'l pay a sacrifice of richest flame
Mixt with the blood of Kings. Discourse the progresse
To this event.

Lib. When your successfull policy
Had destroy'd both the Campes of *Asdrubal*,
And *Syphax* with devouring fire, whose flames
seem'd to the distant gazers on't a prodigie
That threaten'd dissolution, and begot
Their greater feare, then when th' Artillerie
Of heaven speak's lowdest through the burning ayre
To tell the world *Jove's* angry: When you retir'd
To *Utica* to prevent an invasion
Intended by the Carthaginian Navy,
Which dark't the Sea (much like a clowd of Vulturs
That are convented after some great fight
To glut their ravenous gorges with the gore,
Thousands of soul-lesse men ly'e reeking in)
The mad Numidian King, in whom despaire
Had kindled a new valour, gather'd head
And with a fresh supply of unarm'd men
(For had they beene such as experience
Had taught the usefull order of a warre
Th' end had againe beene doubtfull) giv's us battaile
Their first assault made us retire; yet still
We kept the suddaine forme hast put us in
For best advantage, till their heedlesse courages
Hurri'd them on, where our foot Legions
Observing their disorder (for they fought

Hanniball and Scipio.

In throngs so thick, that many times one striking
Wounded his fellow } giv's them new resistance.
At which they stop, mated with apprehension,
Of their owne danger: whom th'incensed King
Mixing his threats with promises of honour
Labour's to bring on; till his horse being kill'd
We tooke him prisoner, with two thousand more.
The rest not flaine are fled.

Scip. Brave victory in blood, no less in glory
Worthy th'achievers, to whose memories
Eternall statues shall be rais'd, and trophies
Rich as *Romes* Capitoll is glorious with.
But where is *Massinissa*?

Leli. He pretended
To visit *Cirta*, Syphax chiefest Citie:
Which is deliver'd up.

Scip. I have new feares
That woman will agen bewitch him. Know
The cause.

Scene the Second.

To them *Massinissa*, Souldiers bringing in Syphax bound.

Leli. 'Tis *Massinissa* agone to the King.

Scip. Th'only wealth
I'd be possess of, I embrace in thee
A boundlesse treasure.

Massa. Let not Scipio
Flatter me into pride for what is rather
Fortunes then mine.

Scip. The actions of thy vertue
Fortun's an under power that is her selfe
Commanded by desert. 'Tis a meere vaine
Of our credulity to give her more
Then her due attribue; which is due servant
To an heroick spirit.

Massa. This example

Might

Hanniball and Scipio.

Might instance proofes for her divinity.
All's but endeavour untill perfected
By the successe, and that is fortunes only;
Desert shar's little in't.

Scip. Let not thy modesty
Maintaine such errors. To refuse just praise
Is an extreme worse then man's over-weening
Opinion of himselfe. Great *Massinissa*
Shall have all honours due unto his conquest;
And weare triumphant Garlands; that false King
Chain'd to his Chariot from the gazer's eyes
Inviting scorne, not pittie.

Syph. 'Tis not manly
To insult over misery, to which
Thy self's as subject, and perhaps mai't feeble,
Chance mak's prosperity when 'tis at high belt
But pastime to delight her giddy humour:
And will d. ject the most secure possessor,
When she command's a restitution
Of her lent favours, that she may conferre them
Vpon another. This consideration
Might invite mercy.

Scip. When superiour justice
Mak's us her instrument, should we be partiall
I'th' execution, 'twere to mock the power,
And call downe vengeance. Yet I grieve for *Syphax*
That he deserv's the punishment; whose weakness
Suffer'd a peece of painted earth to tempt him
From his religion, and neglect the gods,
Whom he invoc't for witnesse to that vow
A woman made him violate.

Syph. 'Tis my hope
Shee may deceive thee too, and with her charmes
Bewitch the boasting Conquerour that's her slave
From's faith to *Rome*.

Massa. His madnesse will betray me
To a reproach.

Hanniball and Scipio.

Syph. It tak's from mine owne suffering
To see mine enemy in the same danger :
When he by his adulterous embraces
Receiv's the like infection int' his soule
That made me sick of vertue, and of all
But my disease.

Scip. Doe you enjoy the Lady ?

Massa. Yes : she's my wife.

Scip. Your act was somewhat rash ;
Before her husbands death | Doth the religion
You pay *Numidia's* gods warrant it lawfull ?

Massa. *Syphax* is dead in his captivity.
His life was mine ; which I but lent him only
For *Romes* great triumph.

Scip. Wee'l consult a little,
And then dispose you *Syphax*.

Syph. As your will
Adviseeth you. It is the curse of greatnesse
To be it's owne destruction. So we see
That mountaine Cedars have the least defence
Gainst stormes, when shrubs confront their violence.

Exeunt.

Scene the third.

Scipio, Massanissa remaining.

Scip. When first you freely did commit your selfe
Vnto my charge, and promis'd with a vow
My liking only should dispose your actions,
Either you lov'd them, or your flattery
Pretended admiration of some vertues
You thought posselt me. One I must confesse
I glory to be master of, that's continence.
I have convers't with beauties rich as Nature
Did ever make art proud to counterfeite ;
Might have commanded some that conquest gave me :
Yet have I still kept out desire, but you

Have

Hanniball and Scipio.

Have yeelded to that passion doth betray
A weakenesse in you, will obscure the glory
Of all your other goodnesse. Thinke how dangerous
'Tis to a yong man (on whose expectation
Opinions eye is fix't) to mixe his actions
With wanton pleasures, when his thoughts transference
The wicked objects of his humorous sense
Vnto his soule, that poison all her faculties,
And make them uselesse. Noble *Massanissa*,
Your good deeds sung by fame are musicke to me:
Your errors I had rather you your selfe
Would silently consider, and reforme,
Before with any shew of least unkindnesse
You force me to reprove them.

Massa. Let not *Scipio*

Deny those errors an excuse. If nature
Had a like cloth'd mens dispositions,
And all did weare one habit of the mind,
You need not urge th'exemple of your owne
T'instruct anothers continence: for all
From a necessited and innate temperance
Would be as you are. Though I doe not boast
Command o're pleasures, I pursue them not
With an intemperate appetite, but make
Reason my guide, that tell's me to provide
For a succession, doth become the judgement
Of a wise King. Posterity may well
Be call'd th'eternity of life: he never
Dy's that hath issue; for which I have married
Her mine owne conquest gave me.

Scip. Your owne conquest!

Pray doe not arrogate too much: you must not
Dispose *Romes* prisoners whilst you fight her quarrell.
The warr's not yours, though yours the victory.
She must attend her sentence from our Senate;
Which hardly will be partiall to her beauty,

Hanniball and Scipio.

Though 'twere adulterated with more art,
Then e're lasciuiousnesse was mistresse of,
And rack't invention for. Let *Sophonisba*
Be then deliver'd up.

Massa. Perhaps your selfe
After your boasted continence would have her
To be your owne.

Scip. Is that your jealousie?
Weake passionate man, that through thy blinded reason
Foresee't not thine owne danger by th'example
Of others misery, and yet art ripe,
To maintaine grossest errors of thy will,
And seeme discretions master. Had not *Syphax*
(Bewitch by magick of her wanton eye
Into a dotage) broke his faith with *Rome*,
He might have flourish't in his height of glory;
And still commanded over his Division.
Which *Rome* will add to *Massanissas* Kingdome
Yeelding up *Sophonisba*.

Massa. You would seeme
To give me mines, upon condition
I should restore the gold, reserving only
The earth to trample on. In *Sophonisba*
I have a treasure mine owne life shall rancome,
If she be forc't away; and to consent
She should be yeelded up to any *Romane*
Were worse then sacriledge, though I should teare
The hallowed statues of *Numidias* gods
Downe from their altars, and convert their Temples
Into the loathsom'st uses of necessity.
Kings oathes are equall with decrees of Fate,
Those I have made I cannot violate. (danger

Scip. Then I disclaime thee. Ther's not so much
In a knowne foe, as a suspected friend.
To prevent an incendium it is best;
To quench a brand before it fire the rest.

Exit.

Massa. He's angry, and I must not let it grow

To

[Hanniball and Scipio.

To ripenessse of his hate. I am resolv'd
To be th'example of a constancy
Fame shall proclaime for wonder.

Scene the fourth.

To him Sophonisba.

She's already
Come e're my wish could summon her. Her sight
Begins to shake the weak foundation
Of my resolves. Like stones shot from an engine
She ruin's with the battery of her eye
What my intents had built.

Soph. Why is my Lord
Thus cloudy? I expected entertainment
Of other difference; such as cheerefull love
Present's desire with from the enterchange
Of smiles and amorous glaunces.

Massa Sophonisba!
I was new enter'd into meditations
Of death, and other wretchednesse, depend's
Vpon mortality.

Soph. Is that the argument
Of your dejectednesse? it shew's too much
Of womans weakenesse. Man should have a spirit
Above the feare any consideration
Can worke within him. Death is but an entrance
To our eternity: and if our life
Merit a blessednesse hereafter, we
Should runne with joy to meete it.

Massa. But if one
Posselt of happinesse beyond the hope
Of any greater; that denies another
Can be in expectation (more then what
His soule enjoy's already) apprehended
A separation from it by the malice
Of death, or other accident, 'twould force him

Hanniball and Scipio.

Weep silently within, though shame restrain'd
His outward teares.

Sopho. This circumstance would seeme
To prepare something that should have relation
Vnto your selfe or me. Perhaps the Confull
Hath urg'd that I should be deliver'd up
To *Romes* disposing. *Massanissas* vow
Made with religious ceremony cannot
If he respect the gods consent to it.
And rather then their tyranny should make me
Wretched a new, to my first earth returne me,
The worst remaines of *Sophonisba*.

Massa. Dare shee
Dye then to quit her feares?

Sopho. And meete the instrument
With greater cherefulness, then fondest parents
Can shew at the returne of their deere child
From long captivity. This tender frame
Lodgeth a masculine and heroick spirit.
And if thy passionate love deny's thy selfe
To be the Actor in this benefite,
Give me thy sword; my owne right hand shall guide
The point unto my heart: I'le without trembling
Open a passage for the crimson drops;
And smile to see them diaper the pavement,
As if 'twere some conceited workmanship
Made by the lookers fancie.

Massa. E're mine eyes
Should suffer such an object to offend
Their hitherto pleas'd sense, I would dissolve them
In their owne humour. No *Sophonisba*;
This breath shall first waite into empty ayre,
And leave my naked bones i'th' hallow'd pile
E're I prove false to thee. Give me some wine:
I'le drinke a bridall health to *Sophonisba*,
And mixe it with *Nepenthe*. Here's the juice
Will cause forgetfulness, and mock th' extremity

Hanniball and Scipio.

Of any aduerse fortune.

Messenger with wine.

Sopho. Sure 'tis poyson.
Will *Massaniſſa* leave me then unguarded
To *Scipios* violence? I have here no father
Nor uncle to defend me; not so much
As a poore teare by weeping to stirre up
A Romanes pity: I shall only dart
An anger from my burning eye, to shew
The Carthaginian spirit I was borne with,
Which notwithstanding will not quit this part
From a captivity: this *Scipios* rage
Will hurry in his triumph to be gaz'd at,
And scorn'd by the course rabble. Doe not then
By such a keeping of it breake thy vow;
For 'tis no lesse to me. I must still want
The benefice of such a constancy.
For though himselfe live not to yeeld me up
I am expos'd to't, and without least power
To make resistance. Let me then partake
That meanes of best security.

Massa. Not to have
A Monument of lasting Adamant
Rais'd to my memory. No *Sophonisba*:
This is no potion to preserve a beauty
In it's first greene; or ripe it to a Summer;
Or prevent th' Autumne for returne the Winter
Into a new Spring. This will pale the dye (dully
Which thy cheek blusheth when it would cloth me-
In a rich scarlet: make that Ivorie breast
(Now Loves soft bed whereon he play's the wanton,
And ambusheth himselfe to catch the flames
He shoot's at others from thy eyes) as cold
As Scythian sands, bleak't with continuall freezing
Into a seeming christall. *Scipio* dar's not
Insult o're thee: thy face would check his malice
Into a silent admiration of it.
Or if he sin so much as to deject thee

With

Hanniball and Scipio.

With the least feare of ill, the gods themselves
Will leave their immortality to be
Each others rivals in thy love, and strive
Which should revenge thee best. This must not weaken
What is so powerfull.

Sopho. If my Lord be then
Resolv'd to leave me widdow'd, being yet
Scarce warme in his embraces, let me mixe
A teare with his last drink, that he may carry
Something of *Sophonisba* with him.

Massa That
Hath in't sufficient vertue to convert
All the Theſſalian, Pontick, Phasian aconites
Into preservatives, and turne this draught
Into an antidote : which yet is powerfull,
'Bove all that Art and Nature in conspiracy
Of mischief e're invented. We that are
Great, and yet subject to th'incertainty
Of Fortune, have this custome to prevent it.
We affect glory : and conclude no state,
That end's not in it selfe, is fortunate.

So——

Offers to drinke.

Soph. Let my Lord first give me leave to breath
An errant o're it ; that when he is entred
Elysium, throngs of Carthaginian Heroes
May bid him welcome, and informe themselves
From him of *Sophonisba*.

Massa. Do't then quickly.
I'll beare it, and command the King of night
Resigne his ravish't *Queene* to be thy hand-maid.
Hell, I shall now be armed to meete thy horrours
With greater power then thine.

Soph. If there be Fate,
Why is't conceal'd? The revelation of't
Would make us strive to mock eternall providence.
Th'ingenious Artift that did forme this cup
Foreſaw not such a use of't. Had he knowne

Hanniball and Scipio

It should have minister'd death to a King,
His trembling hands could ne're have finish't it
With such exactnesse. What so e're decree
Is written in the Adamantine Tables
Of Destiny, we must subscribe to. Time
Though he keepe on his swift and silent pace,
Death's sure at first or last to win the race.
Pray keepe out *Scipio* : I have almost ended.

So—

Drink's.

Massa. Ha ! what hath *Sophonisba* madnesse done ?

Oh *Aesculapim* if thy deity

Be not a feign'd one, then administer,
And shew it powerfull in restoring back
My *Sophonisba* to her former safety.

Numidia shall pay worship to none other
But thee and *Phœbus*. Altars shall be rais'd
Made of Iberian gold, and flame with incense,
Vntill *Arabia's* richest earth grow's barren
Of gummes and spices.

Sopho. Why doth *Massanissa*
Invoke vaine aide ? The gods are mercifull
In their denying it : and 'tis but justice
That I should dye ; m'adulterous easinesse
Deserv'd it, that without the least resistance
Left my yet living husband to embrace
His enemy. But it had warrant from
The end, my Countries good, and the first love
I bare thee *Massanissa*. Now let *Scipio*
Boast of his conquest ; *Sophonisba* is
Her owne subverter. It begin's to worke
With a full strength : my blood would serve to heate
A Salamander, and convert his ice
Into a flame. *Etna's* but painted fire
To that which burn's my marrow. Yet my lookes
Are cherefull and erected. Victory
Was never met more joyfully, then I
Embrace that death prevents my misery.

G

My

Hanniball and Scipio.

My weake earth totters underneath a weight
That sink's it downewards : my still living spirit
Rid's upon clowds to reach *Ioves* highest skie.
Who feare not death, but in the worst part dye. *Dy's.*

Mass. She's dead. Sincke ye supporters of this fabrick
Into your deep foundations ; make them graves
For your owne ruines, since there is not left
A weight worthy your bearing. Shee's not dead :
Only she hath translated her divinity
To it's owne blest abodes, and call's on me
To pay a mortals duty. Shalt have sacrifice,
And rich too. Kings out of devotion shall
Offer themselves in flames, and from their ashes
Rise glorious stars ; whence learned curiosity
Deriving a new art, shall teach Astrologers
The vertues of an influence shall include
Secrets to make credulity astonish't
At their presages. I will be their president ;
And make this earth, already consecrated
With *Sophonisba's* pretious feete, an altar.
Open thy crannies to receive my blood,
And from it's mixture spring a grove of Balsame.
Led by whose ravishing odour the new issue
Of every Phoenix shall neglect *Panthea's*,
To bring her mothers spicy death bed hither,
That's likewise her owne cradle. But this action
Should have more state, and ceremony. No.
A King's the Priest ; a King's the Sacrifice ;
His owne sword whilst 'tis yet warme with his victory
Shall serve for th'axe, and so——Shall I but dye then ?
I'll live to pay her more then th'expiration
Of a short breath, and dye to all delights,
But what I can derive from her faire memory :
Which shall be treasur'd here ; and by it's virtue
Revive to kill me ; every life it giv's
Causing another death.

Scene

Hanniball and Scipio.

Scene the fifth.

To him Scipio, Lelius, Soldiers.

Scip. The Lady dead !

Massa. To *Scipios* malice.

Scip. Could not *Massanissa*

Acquit himselfe of one, but by committing

A greater folly ! But I must not chide.

Most worthy *Massanissa* !

Massa. Keep your flattery.

I have no *Sophonisba*. Touch her not :

None but my selfe shall beare her to the pile.

The sacrilegious hand besides attempt's it

I will cut off. Your triumph shall not twice

Kill *Sophonisba*.

Exit with the body.

Scip. With best care attend him

Vnto our Tent ; least that his passion grow

Into a desperate frenzie, I must cure it

By counsell mixt with gifts. In that weake woman

Halfe *Carthage* strength is gone.

Leli. Our Spyes informe

That th'other halfe (which I conceive is *Hannibal*)

Intend's upon th'euent of one great battell

To hazard all. His Camp's already pitch't

Nere *Zama* : whence a messenger is sent

That show's the Carthaginian much desir's

To have some conference with you.

Scip. Wee'l dispose

Our Army thitherward. Me thinks I see

Victory crown'd already clap her wings

Over our heads. What a strange circulation

Is in times accidents ? From victory

Peace is deriv'd ; from peace security ;

Thence lust ; ambition : two maine grounds of jarres :

We fight for peace, and peace agen breed's warres.

Exeunt.

The

Hanniball and Scipio.

The argument of the fourth Act.

Hannibal being wholly overcome by Scipio at the battle of Lama, return's to Carthage: where being ill entertain'd by the Senate; he behav's himselfe roughly in the Senate house; and their intention of delivering him up to Scipio being discover'd, by the ayde of his Faction, he escap's and flies. The Carthaginians submitting themselves are reprov'd by Scipio; who likewise imposeth upon them the strictest conditions, and by an example of his owne, reclaim's Massaniſſa from his passion.

The Scene Carthage.

Scene the first.

Hanno, Gifgon, Bostar, a full Senate.
Being ſate, To them Nuntius.

Hanno. Pray' take no notice that we know th'event
Of the late battaile. I already have
Employ'd my Faction 'bout a peace, and *Scipio*
Is not farre off. It shall not be the act
Of *Hannibal* to boast of. When we have
Betray'd him to the Romanes, the conditions
Besides are easie.

Gifg. Mind the publick *Bostar*:
D'you thinke it not concern's you?

Bost. 'Twas my riches
Made me a Senatour: my wisedome never
Deserv'd the purple. Be you politick;
Let me preserve my state.

Gifg. Your wealth I 'tis granted
Rais'd you to this high place. Necessity

May

Hannibal and Scipio.

May corrupt justice in a Magistrate :
Which to prevent, at least our jealousies,
Our Carthaginian custome in election
Of Senatours, sometimes preferr's the rich
Before the best men. Take your seate.

Boft. To fill it :

Feare will not let me sleep.

Hanno. Attend the Message :

It seem's from *Hannibal*.

Boft. A worthy man.

He sent us home three bushels full of rings,
Of which I shar'd the most.

Nunt. Before I speake,

Me thinks the ayre about me as the sound
Of my sad words doth passe through it, should thicken
Into a clowd ; then melt at every periode
Into a weeping raine, till none be left
To give us breath for sighes. Our *Hannibal*
Is vanquish't by the Romanes.

Boft. We shall then

Have no more wealth brought home, nor safely keepe
What we possesse already. Curse on chance
That mock's us thus. I'll never make her statue
Of gold hereafter, and by consequent
Ne're worship her : I have but cold devotion
Towards a wooden goddesse.

Hanno. 'Tis not fit

Evils remedlesse should be lamented.
From a misfortune something may arise
To prevent greater, if it be apply'd
With an exact consideration
Of all occurents that may make it usefull.
Relate it then.

Nunt. Before the battaile joyn'd

The worlds two Captaines (for besides them none
Merit the name in equall competition)
Mett to have conference : where for a space

Hanniball and Scipio.

They stood astonish'd at each others presence :
And like two Comets tilting in the ayre
'Gainst one another, shor prodigious flames
From eithers eyes ; and with a counterchange
Of fierce and angry lookes seem'd to begin
An eager fight : till *Hannibal* broke silence,
And mov'd a peace : Which *Scipio* (or suspecting it
To be but wonted policy, or confident
Both of his owne strength and successe) refus'd.
Then like two clowds swoln big with a nights tempest,
And hurried forward by contrary winds,
Iusling each other, 'till their ribbes being broken
The sulphurous issue flie's through the black ayre ;
An inundation following that would fright
Natures Archeus from his quiet center ;
To seeke an *Ætna* or *Vesævus* out
Where he might drie himselfe : so met the Armies.
And with a shout, that out-noys'd thunder, charg'd
Each other bravely ; at their first encounter
Mixing their bloods in streames, that every way
Flow'd like a tide. As yet the peacefull goddesse
Inclin'd to neither part, 'till *Massanissa*
Brought up his right wing of Numidian horsemen,
And broke th'array ; enforcing our first battle
Back to our second ; when we were compel'd
To fight against our owne, least their retiring
Might put us out of order ; 'till betwixt us
Dead bodies made a Bulwarke ; so that neither
We nor the Romanes but by trampling on
Our fellowes carcasses could strike a blow
Of any use. The Romane Legions now
O're-press'd us with their number, and both wings
Of horsemen wheel'd about t'assault our reere.
We then were compast ; yet like angry Lyons
Whom the toyle hamper's, labour'd for our freedom ;
But few escap'd : five hundred only live
Of forty thousand, which to *Adrumetum*

Are

Hannibal and Scipio.

Are fled with *Hannibal*: whence he intend's
To visit *Carthage* suddainely.

Hanno. His welcome
If he fort-knew't would give him small encouragement.
Th'incertainty of warre! Did *Hannibal*
Solicite peace? I'le seeme to oppose it then,
Though it intend a good. The inborne malice
Betwixt our families will not permit me
Allow his acts or counsell. By his greatnesse
Mine is eclips'd: and though this overthrow
May make him lesse in popular opinion,
His Faction yet is strong.

Giff. What meane you *Bostar*!

Bost. I'm dead; that horrible relation kill'd me
In ere shall see addition to my heape,
Now *Hannibal* is conquer'd.

Hanno. You have stor'd
Enough wealth to maintaine another Army
That may bring home increase. Pray' let us use
Your state, wee'l spare your wisdome.

Bost. How's that *Hanno*!
My state, and spare my wisdome. I'm a Senatour,
And weare my gowne as formally as you:
Can nodde and spee at th'end of every sentence,
And number with my owne Arithmetick
More somes of coyne then thy whole family.
Part with my wealth! I'le rather dye, and purchase
Hell with't, if *Pluto* would but sell his Kingdome.
Yet sure it cannot be so rich as I am.
The judges there are just; bribes cannot buy
A partiall sentence,

Scene the Second.

To them Hannibal, some Souldiers.

Han. Ha! me thinks they should
Salute me, though I bring not victory.

When.

Hanniball and Scipio.

When I presented them with wealth, their flatteries
Were greater then became them. Am I lesse
In merit now, then when successe attended
My actions ! glew'd unto their seates, and *Hannibal*
Enter'd. Grave fathers.

Hanno. On fir : we are patient
To heare you speake.

Han. But patient ! he that stand's
Accus'd may challenge that, or justly taxe yee
Of more then tyranny.

Hanno. Are you so confident
You dare affront your Iudges ?

Han. Ha ! my Iudges.
What envy though 'twere still'd from the black galls
Of leane *Erinnis* Adders, can so blemish
My life or fame, that from the least suspect
I might incurre a sentence ! Wa'it for this
I have through blood and sweat made *Carthage* great
As *Rome* her selfe ; and had not politick dotage
Infected with your private avarice
(That would not spare me what my selfe bestow'd
Vpon your ease) prevented it by calling
Me and my Army home, I had e're this
Made *Rome* your tributary ; and am I
Return'd now to be judge, because I have
After so many victories lost one battle !
The monstrous birth of your ingratitude
Were able to fright manhood from posterity,
And check all undertakings.

Hanno. Whence did you
Receive commission to move peace with *Scipio* ! (danger

Han. From mine owne judgement that foresaw the
My power could not prevent.

Hanno. It seem's you were
Declin'd to coward.

Han. Ther's no priviledge *Pulls him downe.*
Vnder your gowne for that. Learne to know man ;
Then

Hanniball and Scipio.—

Then be his judge.

Boff. Pray heaven he hurt not me.

Molt valiant *Hanniball*.

Han. I hate your flattery,

Tis mixt with scorne; and I will rather trample
Vpon your purple.

Nunt. Good my Lord forbear
Your violence. Consider but their persons
And dignities.

Han. Should *Jove* himselfe provoke me
With a disgrace like this, I'd challenge him
To meet upon a cloud ram'd full of thunder:
And dart it at him, 'till with flames I had
Consum'd the brasse supporters of his heaven;
Tumbling him downe with all his petty gods
Vnto their first mortality.

Nunt. The custome
Of *Carthage* government commands respect
Vnto their difference.

Han. Let the respect
Belikewise taught them that belongs to me.
And if my labour hath maintain'd their ease,
In which they have both studied and establish'd
Civill formalities, my rugged life
Did never practise, it may well excuse
A greater error. Who is my accuser?

Hanno. Your selfe.

Han. My selfe! my selfe will be my judge then:
And maketh abus'd seate honour'd for a iustice,
Which your corrupted soules would never suffer
Your power to execute. Looke *Carthaginians*;
And if your reasons eyes can see the errors
Your blinded envie led it to, with blushes
Guide them to reformation. I that tooke
An oath at nine yeares old before the Altar,
When it was smoking with the horrid sacrifice
Of immolated men, to be *Romes* enemy,

H

And

Hanniball and Scipio.

And perfect what my Father had begun;
I that transferr'd the wealth of *Spaine* to *Carthage*,
And thorow the frozen Alpes melted my way
Into the fertile plaines of *Italy*;
That waded with my army thorow the fennes
Of gloomy *Arnus*, in whose fogges I lost
One of my bodies comfortable lights;
I that o'rethrew sixe Consuls, and at *Cannas*
In one fight kill'd a hundred Romane Senators,
And thence presented *Carthage* with a prey
That might out-vye an Indian treasury
Cram'd with the choycest wealth; I that abroad
Whilst here you bath'd in pleasures made my body
Prooffe 'gainst a tempest, and endur'd the rage
Of more prodigious stormes then ever frighted
Mortals into religion.

Hanno. Yet at *Capua*

The faire Salapian *Omphale* could teach
Our Carthaginian *Hercules* to spin,
And mind his distaffe; else she would not smile
Vpon him for his worke.

Han. Thy malice *Hanno*

Like to the broken some a rock beats back
Vpon the angry maine, fowl's thine owne bosome.
I am above it; and in spight of thee
Or all the battery of thy calumnies,
Will stand like a *Colossus* to be gaz'd at
By all beneath me, when the scorne of men
Shall fash thy envie with the whips of Satyres:
Who vainly dost attempt to ruine that
Is built for fame.

Hanno. Nay you may keepe your seate,
It well becomes you.

Han. It becomes you better,
When your grave nod and formall hem strik's terrour
Through the affrighted malefactors heart;
Who for some slight offence expects his judgement,

No

Hanniball and Scipio.

No lesse than banishment, or confiscation
Of all his substance; which is shar'd amongst you;
The publike use neglected. But in vaine
I taxe your vices, when your soules are fullyed
With an ingratitude to me, that makes
All others white as innocence compar'd
With that black monster. *Carthage* I disclaime thee,
And rather then employ my power agen
To raise thy head 'bove others, in thy ruines
Ile hide mine owne. And but for reverence
I beare the ashes of mine ancestors,
I would my selfe plough furrowes in thy wombe,
And sow my faction onely for th'increase
Of mine owne greatnesse.

Hanno. Pray obſerve it Fathers.
He doth affect the Monarchie; he would
Alter our government.

Han. You are deceiv'd.
Y'are weake enough already; there's no need
Of a ſedition to ſubvert your ſtate.
Can yee reſiſt the Romanes, and make peace
Vpon your owne conditions?

Scene the third.

To them Himulco haſtily.

Him. You are betray'd my Lord; your ſafety needs
A ſudden reſolution. *Scipio's enter'd*
The Gates of *Carthage*.

Han. Oh inhumane treachery!
But for preventing juſtice that will fall
Heavie upon you by ſome other inſtrument,
'Twere piety to waſh corruption
From this abus'd place with your bloods; whoſe ſtaines
Would yet infect the pavement, and remaine
Like bluſhes in the marble to betray

Hanniball and Scipio.

The guilt yee dy'd for. When the Romanes practise
Their tyranny upon you, wish in vaine
Yee had an *Hannibal*.

Him. Your danger will not
Allow your passion vent. Pray' fligh my Lord.

Han. Into some desert to converse with beasts;
Th'have gratefull soules. *Carthage* me thinks an earth-
Should palsey thy old joynts, & thrink thy head (quake
Into thy shoulders: or thy *Genius* wrap thee
In a perpetuall cloud to hide the shame
Of this base act. Revenge, Ile court thee through
The ruine of mine owne. *Carthage* shall see
Not mine from her, her greatnesse grew from me.
All those that love me follow. *Exeunt, Senators*

Hanno. Would we had *remayning.*
Ensnar'd him better: but his faction wanting
A head, 'tis strengthlesse. Let a cryer publish
The sentence of his banishment, that *Scipio*
May take infor our act. We must comply
With all occasions that may make our peace
A usefull good, no voluntary bondage.
We must receive the Romanes with a shew
Of lesse feare, then the straites of our necessity
Might excuse manhood for.

Scene the fourth.

To them *Scipio*, *Massaniſſa*, *Lelius*, some *Souldiers*.

Scip. No *v* *Carthaginians*,
Although I am a conquerour, succeſſe
Swelis me no higher to preferre my selfe
Above what judgement warrants. I have strove
With all opposing reasons to forget
Your often breach of faith: which you are tax't with
By all men for a vice that th'ayre you breath
Infects you with, as if the places nature
Enforc't it from necessity. But custome

Mus.

Hanniball and Scipio.

Must be concluded, is the most efficient
To cause that barbarous neglect of piety,
Which should be mans sole object. I am strengthened
Sufficiently 'gainst feare; since I can easily
Compell you to subjection. But preferring
A mild command before imperious rigour,
Declare your selves, and you shall finde that we
Practise no cruelty.

Hanno. Most worthy Romane
We might excuse the generall, and conferre
The guilt upon some private few, who led
By an ambition made this warre without
Consent from us. Some we have justly punisht;
And him, by whom (as by the first great mover)
The rest were hurried forward, we have banisht,
To take from *Rome* all cause of after-jealousie. .
His faction did prevent it, else we had
Yeclded him up to *Scipio*. Peace is now
The thing we crave, and the conditions
No stricter then the Carthaginians
Would have propos'd, had they beene conquerours,
And *Scipio* su'd to them.

Scip. Can there be faith
In those that would betray their owne I and such a one
As made the end of all his actions
Your greatnesse first, and when that fail'd your safety?
A man that more than figur'd *Mars*, and merited
A deifying by your gratitude.
Blush at it same, and with thy hundred tongues
Till all are hoarse proclaime it. The conditions
Propos'd shall stand, if but to punish this,
This monstrous act. Nature me thinks should throw yee
From her warme bosome with an angry motion
Of all th'earths sinewes, and not suffer yee
To suck her milke; but dry her fruitfull wombe
Into a barrenesse, before such monsters
Should be againe produc't. As you performe

Hannibal and Scipio.

The strictest claufe, and what afflicts yee most,
Call it not satisfaction for our injuries,
But punishment for your ingratitude

To *Hannibal*.

Hanno. That will take from my suffering.
When those we hate in misery beare a part,
Envie growes fat by eating her owne heart.

Exeunt.

Scip. *Lelius* attend the Carthaginian Senators;
Survey the City, and see execution
Of all the league includ's. Doth *Scipio* triumph,
And *Massanissa* hang the head! One article
Is that they shall restore to *Massanissa*
All that they have depriv'd him of.

Exit.

Massa. They cannot
Restore my *Sophonisba*.

Scip. Still that passion!
I thought her memory had beene wash't away
With the large streames of blood so lately flow'd
From his victorious sword. Come *Massanissa*
You shall enjoy a Romane Lady; one
That shall out-vye the glory of a sunne
Thron'd in his cleere'st skie, and make his light
Appare but as a shadow to her beauty,
One that shall comprehend within her selfe
All that was ever faign'd of other women,
And make their fables probable.

Massa. *Rome* hath not
Another *Sophonisba*.

Scip. That the wealth
Of *Rome*s best province might but ransom home
His lost command o're passions.

Scene

Hanniball and Scipio.

Scene the fift.

To them Lelius, Lucius, a young Lady.

Who's this Lady?

Leli. A Spanish captive.

Scip. Did ever innocence

Looke sweeter, as if she were joy'd to make
This little frame her mansion. Why d'ee weepe?
They shall not hurt you pretty one.

Lad. They say

They'l carry me to *Rome*.

Scip. Suppose they doe;

Romanes are full of gentlenesse, and mildly
Will entertaine you; where you shall be taught
Civility of manners. Education
Clothing your minde in ornaments of vertue
Fitting your expectation, and your beauty
Rip't with mature age. Romane Knights shall court it.
Perhaps my selfe would take you to my bed.

Lad. Indeed you should not. You are a rough souldier;
Your lookes would fright me.

Scip. Can you then deny

To cherish such a hope? You should enjoy
Delights above your wish. Your house should be
A court of pleasure. Spring should alwaies dwell
Within your gardens, as if *Tempe* were
Translated thither. Virgins should attend you
Faire as the morning, when she ushers in
The day with blushes. Your bathes should be the dew
Gather'd from *Roses*, and your garments soft
As the curl'd ayre, by mild *Etesian* windes
Made temperate, when the *Sunne* rides on his *Lion*
To hunt heavens Dog up. You should sleepe on downe
Driven from *Swannes* white necks; be visited
By *Matrons*; usher'd to solemnities;
And at the publike shoves out-shine the glory

Of

Hanniball and Scipio.

Of daylight with the lustre of those jemies
You should be deckt in, and a conquerour when
His head's wrapt in triumphant Lawrell, couch it
Vpon your lap.

Massa. He's taken. Mans weake judgement,
That calls it vice in others, which himselte
Is equally inclin'd to.

Lad. I nere heard
Of such fine things before.

Scip. The barren soyle
That bred you is in fault. I must confesse
Nature hath in your yet imperfect beauty
Shew'd wonders to the world: you areth epitome
Of her most curious labours; and if fortune
Should in so faire a booke blurre any lest
Exact drawne line, her deity were cruell.
Your owne's a barbarous country, where civility
Hath scarce a name. You cannot there expect
A value of your selfe, above the worship
Their eyes will give you, when they rudely gaze
Vpon your forme, and by the sense distinguish
The outward workmanship. We teach our soules
A glorious conversation with those vertues
That deck the inside of a beauteous frame,
And vary pleasures, honours, earths delights
To th'imitation of that infinite
And never dying part.

Lad. You *Lucius*
Did never court me thus. You'd onely tell me
That I should be a Queene, when your old Father
Went to the lower Kingdome.

Scip. What is *Lucius*?

Luci. A Prince amongst the Celtiberians.
This Lady Nobly borne to me betroth'd,
If *Scipio* will be mercifull, I'de rancome.

Scip. You love her then?

Luci. Above my selfe: without her

Hanniball and Scipio.

My being is not perfect.

Scip. Blest occasion.

Now *Massanissa* if example may
Rectifie errors in thee, make my act
An imitable president. Young Prince
Receiv her from my hands ; withall the summe
Intended for her ranfome as a dowry.
Love Rome and *Scipio*.

Luci. Noblesse above

The reach of praise. How shall I shew my gratitude?

Lad. When he hath made me Queen, Ile bid you wel-
To *Lucius* Court. (come

Luci. And *Lucius* when growne man
Will bring you Souldiers.

Massa. Seem'd he not to love her?
And yet without least pause he gave her back
Being posselt. I am o'recome ; I see
Passion's the noble soules worst enemy
I'm all for action.

Musick,

Scip. *Massanissa* is
Become himselfe agen. Wherefore this musick ?

Lels. To gratulate your victory, and the peace
That gives them rest, the Souldiers have prepar'd
A slight solemnity : The Carthaginians
Mixe with the Romanes, though their heavie hearts
To part with so much treasure scarce admits it.

Scip. 'Tis seasonable : there is cause to joy,
Since *Massanissa's* new wed to my bosome,
And this young Ladies nuptials.

Hanniball and Scipio.

*The Souldiers led in by their Captaines, distinguish
severally by their Armes and Ensignes, to the
Musick of the following, put themselves
into a figure like a battalia.*

The Song.

*On bravely, on; the foe is met;
The Souldiers rancke's, the battaile set.
Make the earth tremble, and the skies
Redouble echoes from your cries.
Blond puts a scarlet mantle on
The late Greene plaine: they'll lie anon.*

Chorus.

*Then follow; but your orders keepe;
Take prisoners; set their ransomes deepe.
Retreat. For fame and the delight
That peace brings onely Souldiers fight.*

The dance expressing a fight.

Thanks to all.

So you proportion pleasures, we give way to't.
Is *Lelius* yet inform'd of *Hannibal*?

Leli. That he is fled unto *Antiochus*,
Or else to *Prusias* of *Bythinia*.
His ends are doubtfull.

Scip. If his discontent
Should anew whet his envie to attempt
Their aydes, 'twould much disturb the Asian provinces.
Wee'l follow to prevent it. *Lelius* you
Shall carry our successe unto the Senate,
And with it *Syphax*, and the *Carthage* pledges.
Come my soules halfe, wee'l hunt this *Affrick* Lion
Into a stronger toyle. Fame shall waite on us
Till we have loaded her, and that shee see
Our triumph finish't in his tragedy.

Exeunt.
The

Hanniball and Scipio.

The argument of the last Act.

Hannibal being fled to Prusias King of Bythinia, receives his promise for his safety. The Romane Legates being arrived, and Hannibal perceiving Scipio and Flaminius (the Sonne of Flaminius whom hee had formerly slaine) to be amongst them, and understanding the house to be encompassed by armed men, suspecting himselfe to be betray'd, takes poison, (which he alwayes carryed about him in his ring) Of which he dyes; and Scipio to prevent the like ingratitude from his Romanes, and out of a naturall addition he alwayes had to learning (it being said of him, that *Pædiam Cyri de manu non ponebat; and nonnunquam incepto prælio cum philosophis disputabat*) retires himselfe to his Country Villa; taking upon him as it were a voluntary banishment.

The Scene Bythinia.

Scene the first.

Prusias, Hanniball, Himulco, Attendants.]

Prus. You are welcome, though your fortune's ebb'd. The
Of what you have bin should command respect (memory
From good men to you. Vertue is not lessen'd
By want of a successe; that's but a glosse
Fortune sets on her: Misery doth make
Her inside glorious sometimes, when deservlesse;
And bastard actions as the heires of chance
Shine in their superficies: but being searcht

Hanniball and Scipio.

Are found like bladders, swolne with an enforcement
Of wind into them : which the least necessity
Or aduerse fortune pricking, they dilate
Th'included ayre, and shrinke into their first
Narrow dimensions : When true vertue beares
Her owners head above afflictions waves,
And steeres him into harbour.

Han. You are noble,
And like a King with judgement value me.
My mind was ne're subjected : I have knowne
So much of both, that neither of the pastimes
Fortune delights her selfe with, can incline me
To height above a moderate, nor decline me
Below my selfe. Prosperity, aduersity ;
Both make one even scale, and weight being added
To either, shews the difference. Hee's not man
Will be dejected or exalted. Every one
Should temper the condition of his state,
Such as the present makes it, with the feare
Or hope of after change : and when hee labour's
In the extremity of one, or flowes
I'th swelling height of th'other, still his mind
Should be the same. Chance varies every way ;
But vertues course is constant.

Prus. You expresse
A noble resolution, and your soule
Shows rich and glorious even through the clouds
Of your misfortune. There's a readinesse,
And a propense desire in me to ayde you.
But circumstance must make it probable
Whether the causes justnesse may command
Th'attendance of successe. For an attempt
That's warranted by justice, cannot want
A prosperous end.

Han. If to defend my Country,
Or to compell encroaching enemies
To satisfaction, such as would deprive us

Hanniball and Scipio.

Of th'earth that nature in her legacy
Made our proportion be a justice, I
Did never injury; for these were onely
The motives to my actions. Fame I know
Could not be silent, but shee must informe
Even the remotest dwellers, how proud *Rome*
(Whose infant greatnesse by ambition nurst
Is now in growing, and will spread it selfe
If a prevention stay it not, beyond
All limits of the yet knowne world) insults
Over her neighbouring Provinces. From *Carthage*
She hath enforc't *Sicilia* (the worlds granary)
And other Ilands: and her Generall
Swolne with his fortune, hath attempted farther
To overflow all *Affrick*. You may likewise
Expect he will encroach upon your *Asia*;
Antiochus being already vanquisht,
And fled to *Ephesus*. If nothing else,
Your safety should invite you to take armes,
Though but defensive. States that never knew
A change but in their growth, which a long peace
Hath brought unto perfection, are like Steele;
Which being neglected will consume it selfe
With its owne rust. So doth security
Eate through the hearts of states whilst they are sleeping
And lull'd in her false quiet. *Prusias* therefore
Should dwell no longer in so great a danger.
If hee'l not be a Souldier, let him arme
His people; *Hannibal* will be their Captaine,
And lead them unto actions that shall take
Fame with the wonder, 'till I have made *Rome*
(Who like th'earths issue heapes up hills on hills,
To raise her proud head) nothing. My right hand
Jove-like is arm'd with thunder, which shall fligh
Wing'd with prodigious flames of just revenge
To punish her impiety.

Prus. I could gladly

Hanniball and Scipio.

Cherish your resolutions, being grounded
On justice : but t'engage my selfe or people
In an uncertaine warre, before provok't
By enemies, were rashnesse that excuse
Could no way glosse to make it show an act
Worthy a man, much lesse a King.

Han. You value

Those scruples more than a full weight of honour.
Heaven gave the difference to you but to be
The figure of that power, that will exact
A just account of a Kings greater actions,
Then what inferiours owe to their creation.
Th'essentiall part of your eternity
Depends upon that point: and can you more
Expresse your selfe heavens minister, then when
You doe the things agree with't ?

Prus. *Rome* comply's

With us for peace. The violation
Of a religious oath, superiour justice
Cannot but punish: else we might be bold
To call the worship of the gods no more
Than th'issue of credulity, produc't
To fright us with a name that had no power
But what our feares allow'd it. *Rome* is yet
Our friend; and 'till she fall from honour, we
Must hold her deare.

Han. In that consists your danger.

Shee's mask't in policy, and like a Statesman
Without religion, steeres her course by shewes
And meere appearance to what ever ends
Ambition points her. Be not then too rash.
Make not the greatnesse which is yet your owne
Derivative from her. I will leave your name
A staine in times records, and blot the tables
That should preserve it.

Prus. Noble *Hannibal*

Be safe with us and confident. I expect

The

Hanniball and Scipio.

The Romane Legates; and if mediation
Or any practice which I can with honour
Assay to reconcile yee, may be usefull.

Han. To reconcile us I Time shall first runne back
To his beginning, and the world returne
To its first *Chaos* e're I will admit
Of such a word. Let those that sawne upon
The smiles of peace and softnesse to delight
Their wanton appetites, practise their low
Effeminate soules in feares and passions.
Each thought of mine shall be a numerous Army
To lead 'gainst *Rome*: in my imagination
I will fight with her still, though I want Souldiers.
Prus. Nobly resolv'd.

Scene the Second.

To them Scipio, Massinissa, Flaminius, other
Romane Legates.

Han. Ha! *Scipio* and *Flaminius*

Amongst the Romane Legates I there's some treachery.
Informethy selfe *Himulco*. His pursuing *Exit.*
My course, imports no good, and my sad soule
Labours with a prophetick apprehension
Of something he intends. Be ready thou,
Thou my last refuge.

Prus. Sudden clouds me thinkes
Creepe o're your eyes. Though you be enemies,
Peace warrants gentle greeting. Shee is emblem'd
In Doves that have no gall. Y're here my guests,
And shall partake a courtly entertainment
Worthy such persons.

Scip. *Hannibal* I know
Hath put of the rough habit which his mind
Was lately wrapt in: and since chance hath made him
The subject of my conquest, in the peace
Rome hath allow'd his Country (the conditions

Being

Hanniball and Scipio.

Being strictly kept) all past contentions
Must lose their memory, and after strites
Be stifled in their first birth by prevention.
I must acknowledge my ambition
Bo're my thoughts higher than my Countries good,
Or her enlargement onely. Had my fortune
Captiv'd the person of great *Hannibal*,
My triumph should out-vye all the rich pompes
That ever made *Rome* shine.

Han. That person yet
Is free, and capable of new designs,
To make himselfe full owner of a glory
'Bove *Scipio's* conquest. Tis not thy successe
Declines me the least step towards subjection
Of my still high built hopes: which being strongly
Propt with my resolutions, shall in time
Raife monuments of fame unto my actions.
Let not one chance exalt thee. *Hannibal*,
Though *Carthage* ownes him not, command's a world
Greater than her, or *Rome*.

Scip. But the dimensions
Are bounded with that strict necessity
They cannot be extended. Flatter not:
Those hopes with expectation of a change
To any better than the now condition
Of thy subverted greatnesse: which being ruin'd
Beyond all reparation, thy attempts
To build it new, wanting materials,
Are vainer farre than the *Sycilian* Dogs
Barking against the Moone.

Han. Be not deceiv'd
With too much confidence. The more th'are prest,
The more palmes flourish. That that would make *Scipio*
Looke downwards, lifts me up.

Scip. How thou art mockt
With selfe-opinion! Know I have a soule
So full instructed, it hath power to temper

The

Hanniball and Scipio.

The difference of my fortune with that meane,
That even the highest glory to my selfe
Is but adversity, and an abject state
No lesse then is my present greatnesse. Man
From outward accidents should not derive
The knowledge of himselfe: for so hee's made
The creature of beginnings over which
His vertue may command: Fortune and chance.
When he by speculation hath inform'd
His divine part hee's perfect; and 'till then
But a rough matter, onely capable
Of better forme. It oft begets my wonder
That thou a rude Barbarian, ignorant
Of all art, but of warres, which custome onely
Hath (being joyn'd to thy first nature) taught thee,
Shouldst know so much of man.

Han. I study man

Better from practice, than thou canst from bookes.
Thy learning's but opinion, mine knowne truth;
Subject to no grosse errors, such as cannot
Be reconcil'd, but by production
Of new and greater. Did thy learned Masters
Of Arts, with whom even arm'd thou hast convers't
Before a battayle joyn'd (if fame speake truth)
By their instructions show thee surer wayes
To victory, than Fortune joyn'd to valour,
And a full strength of men?

Scip. That which consists

In action onely, and th'event, depends
Vpon no certaine rule demonstrative,
Is fates, not reasons.

Prus. Fic, this strife sounds harshly,

Come *Massanissa*, you have shar'd your part
Of vertue and of fortune.

Han. Least of vertue,

That left a just cause to support a wrong one;
Such was his fall from *Carthage*.

Hanniball and Scipio.

Massa. You being judge
In your owne cause : but who will else subscribe
To such a partiall sentence?

Prus. Pray' no more.
My Court lookes like a Parliament of Souldiers ;
Where warre me thinkes should be discours'd on ; how
A battaile should be order'd, or what forme
Hath most advantage. What men have you knowne,
Or History doth mention, that exceeded
In the degrees of merit ?

Han. Alexander
The first best Captaine.
Scip. Who the second ?

Han. Pyrrhus.
Prus. And who the third ?

Han. Doubtlesse my selfe.
Scip. What then
Am I that conquer'd *Hanniball* ?
Han. If I

Had conquer'd *Scipio*, I had then beene first.
Scip. Did ever pride so swell th' infected parts
Of a rich soule ! Were not his mind corrupted
With that disease of vertue, I should covet
To joyne mine with't in an eternall fellowship ;
And onely here in outward enmity
Divide our bodies.

Scene the last.

To them Himulco.

Han. How art satisfy'd ?
Am I yet safe ?

Him. My observation
Hath beene I feare too curious : for your danger
If any be intended wants all meanes
Of opposition. But my feare perhaps

Inter-

Hanniball and Scipio.

Interprets worse than a consideration
Will from the circumstance; which yet hath shew
Of probability.

Han. Why what hast seene?

Him. Arm'd troupes guard all the passages by which
The house is enter'd.

Han. I am then betray'd.

Can Kings be trecherous? have they mortall parts
Subject to that corruption stains with leprosie
The glorious brow of honour! Can creation
Be in her different workes so negligent
As not to perfect them? Shee's idle when
She makes Kings, should be like gods, lesse then men.
Prusias and *Scipio*, thus I mock your plots.
Be trecherous now; you shall have nothing but
Hannibals earth to worke on.

*Takes the
poison.*

Scip. What's the meaning
Of this?

Massa Tis poison surely that he takes.

Scip. Restraine him.

Han. 'Tis too late.

Prus. Call our Physitians.

Han. All helpe is vaine as your conspiracy.
It was no juggling sop to wrap the senses
In slumbers like death, *Colebas* never yeilded
A juyce more banefull. I went still prepar'd
Thus to o'recome your malice; which discover'd,
My death beares me above it.

Scip. Why should *Hannibal*
From the weake warrant of a bare suspicion
Be guilty of such barbarousnesse! By all
The hopes I have of good mens loves, or memory
Mongst their true valuing of desert, I ever
Restrain'd m'uncertaine thoughts their liberty
From being busie 'bout betraying *Hanniball*
By any practise honour might not facher,
And gladly call his owne.

Hanniball and Scipio.

Han. Perswade thy flatterers

To credit it : Those that would deifie
The vertues in thy booke, not of thy mind.
Practice hath taught me how to read mens soules.
Do not I know then thy hypocrisie
Plaisters the wounded credit of thy act I
But if thou healt it, there will be a scarre
To shew posterity that what thou didst
Was full of base corruption.

Scip. Thou didst much

Lessen thy selfe in thy first feare ; and now
By the ill-grounded jealousie of my vertue
Wilt make thy owne taxt. From this *Padia*
I have beene truly morall ; th' institutions
Have beene my guides in every action
Which I did either as a man, or Prince.
Cyrus himselfe, to whom they were directed,
Pursu'd them not so strictly as I have.
Breath not thy soule forth then 'till thou art satisfy'd
Of my true innocence : for if thou dy'st
In thy suspition, be assur'd it will
Disturbe thy peace hereafter, and thy ashes,
As the pile hallows them, will fright thy ghost
With shapcs of the dishonour thou unjustly
Would lay on *Scipio*.

Han. Tell thy Philosophers

The earth hath not a center ; that the day
Is not illumin'd by the Sunne ; that fire
Is colder than the ever-frozen rocks
That beare the North-end of th' earths Axeltree :
When they allow these paradoxes, I
Will credit *Scipio*. Worke on thou brave minister
Of my last victory over my selfe.
Quench thy unnaturall flames with my scortcht bowels.
Now thou hast met a heat, which joyn'd to thine
Makes all the frame like the bright forge, whence *Jove*
Hath his artillery. My heart, my heart;

Quench

Hanniball and Scipio

Quench it *Eridanus*; but it would dry
Thy waters up. I'm wrapt in greater fires
Then the rash boy thou choak'st. Would this were *Orestes*
That like the furious Thebane I might build
Mine owne pile, and the flame as it ascends
Transforme it selfe into a constellation;
Or fixe it in upper region of the ayre
Like a perpetuall comet to fright *Rome*
With his prodigious light. He thinkes an earthquake
Totters the aged fabrick that so long
Hath borne me on't, and the divided poles
Embrace to kisse each other. An inversion
Of natures order shall attend the fate
Of dying *Hannibal*. So *Okes* eradicated
By a prodigious whirlwind, teare the earth
Through which their large rootes spread themselves.
No lesse then the whole world to be my grave. (He have
Scip. He's dead: with him my glory. *Scipio's* acts *Dy's*.
Have not another object worthy them,
Or his attempts.

Him. Fame breake thy trumpet now;
Deafe thy wide eares, and silence all thy tongues,
Since he's dead, who with his actions wont
To ympe new feathers to thy broken wings,
And make thee fligh a pitch above the reach
Of common eyes.

Pruf. Lest that my honour suffer
In the suspicion of betraying him,
I will provide a lasting monument,
And fixe his statue on't.

Scip. You *Maffaniffa*
Hee see establisht in your Kingdome. *Carthage*
Thy base ingratitude to him, whose merit
But justly challeng'd all that thou could'st owne
Shall teach me a prevention. Solitude
Is the soules best companion. At *Linturnum*
My Country *Villa* I will terminate

Hanniball and Scipio.

My after life free from mens flatteries,
And feare of their leane envie. He that suffers
Prosperity to swell him 'bove a meane,
Like those impressions in the ayre, that rise
From dunghill vapours, scatter'd by the wind,
Leaves nothing but an empty fame behind.

The Epilogue by Scipio.

Our strife is ended : yet in ones I spy
Peace smile, and warre frowne in anothers eye.
Being victorious I must not submit
To a dislike. Rather to him that writ
Our story, gratefully I would allow
One leafe of Lawrell torne from mine owne brow.
And with their faire opinion of it these
May make it a full Garland if they please.

FINIS.

